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THE GATEWAY

Vol. 1

STRATHCONA, ALBERTA, FEBRUARY 20, 1911

No. 4

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AN ACADEMIC RECIPE

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

If you're anxious to shine in an intellectual line,
As a youth of culture rare,
You must learn to play at hockey, tho' your style be slow and rocky
Till the pressmen know you're there;
Oh! the gown and badge give swagger, tho' your learning doesn't
stagger,
And—don't forget to cultivate the yell;
Try to find if there are any who have seen or heard of Kenny—
The Wauneita Club may want to know as well.
And everyone will say, as you walk your learned way,
If this young man cuts such a dashing figure in Alberta Universitee,
What a very, very singularly smart young man this smart young man
must be.

If you find no satisfactions got from intricate reactions
Of mysterious hyposulphites, weak and strong,
When your brain is weak and reeling, you will find a soothing feeling
If you read some Browning tit-bit—not too long;
If you're tired of all the glories of Thucydides and Horace,
Find a solace in the charms of William James,
Or explain the tangled mystery of medieval history,
Tho' it's not such roaring fun as parlor games.
And everyone will say, as you tread this primrose way,
If this young man can still be gay and happy with his load from
learning's tree,
What a very, very singularly charming life this young man's life
must be.

When the term exams are over, if your name should chance to hover
 In the shadows of the fatal line,
 In that "letter home from college," make it clear that too much
 knowledge
 Explains your intellectual decline.
 And "the rink" you need not mention when you tell dad your inten-
 tion
 To devote your nights henceforward to a grind;
 Get your name into the "Gateway," and his hopes will brighten
 straightway
 That you really have a big precocious mind.
 And all your friends will say, in their fond admiring way;
 When this young man's an orator and pastor, or blossoms out as
 M. P. P.
 What a very, very singularly great renown, this youth's renown
 will be.

THE WORLD AT LARGE

"Quidquid agunt homines."

The last month has brought about in Europe something which appears to be a genuine re-grouping of the powers. For some years the Dreibund,—Germany, Austria, Italy,—has been a very real force in European politics; it has been counterbalanced after a fashion by the less formally constituted Triple Entente of England, France, and Russia. These latter powers have until very recently been pursuing a common policy with regard to Persia and Persian railways; suddenly and without warning Russia proceeds alone to drive a bargain with Germany, entirely regardless of the interests of France or England. Obviously the Triple Entente is at an end, at least as an effective alliance implying the support of Russia for Anglo-French policies.

We cannot think that the average citizen of the Empire will much mourn over Russia's latest piece of tactics; she is not an ally

whose actions in her domestic affairs furnish pleasant material for the contemplation of free minds. The garotter of Finnish liberties can be cheerfully sped upon her way to join the reactionary governments of Germany and Austria which are her national companions. Italy is uncomfortable in the Dreibund, and there are possibilities more remote than her accession to the Triple Entente to fill the vacant seat.

* * *

England is probably indebted to Russian tyranny for the extraordinary happening in London which has filled so many columns of the world's press of late. The police of the great metropolis got wind some time since of suspicious actions on the part of some foreigners (probably Letts) in the Houndsditch district; they proceeded to investigate and in the investigation three of the party detailed for the purpose were

murderously shot down. The victims were,—mistakenly, it would seem,—accorded a great public funeral; it is to be feared that the result was to cause the Russian anarchists who were responsible for the murders to fancy that in shooting three of the London police force, they were striking at the government of Britain itself. The consequent self-glorification engendered in their minds made them ready for any further recklessness that chance might put in their way.

It was not long till word was conveyed to the authorities that certain of the men wanted were known to be at No. 100, Sidney Street, Stepney. With much skill the police got out of the house all innocent parties and then 'blew up.' The layman would have supposed that the exact location of the criminals (or supposed criminals) being known, the next act would be to 'rush' their quarters, especially as the very early morning hour made it likely that the suspects were still asleep. Instead of that some pebbles were thrown against the glass of the window, and forthwith there began a battle between two (possibly three) desperate men armed with automatic revolvers and a detachment of police reinforced first by a detachment of Scots Guards from the Tower, second by yet more police, third by a battery of field-artillery from St. John's Wood, and lastly by a section of the fire brigade. The battle lasted for some hours and was terminated only by the burning of the house; it was witnessed by thousands of people who were hardly restrained within the safety zone. Two charred bodies were the prizes of the victors.

There are some conclusions that seem inevitable. There was need of a cool and skilled head to supervise the attack on the Sidney Street house; no such commander was on hand, though the promised capture was a very important one. Cases of special difficulty should be handled by the very highest officials of the force. Then again, England is being forced to realize that she is now extending her hospitality to anarchists of a new type, men who are not simply political revolutionaries but poor creatures who have been brutalized by tyranny into a state of mind where they are in revolt not merely against a certain type of government, but against all ordinary moral feeling as well. It would be a faint heart that would urge England to limit seriously her practice of affording political asylum for the free thought of the continent, but there is clearly a new factor to be reckoned with in the problem from now on. And would it be too much to suggest in the last instance that the crowd which rushed in so persistently upon this horrid tragedy, was in its sentiments the product of the demoralizing presentations of the cinematograph?

* * *

Our perhaps disproportionate treatment of the Stepney episode only reflects the attitude of the English newspapers and even solid weeklies like the 'Spectator' and 'Nation.' Meantime of course something else is going on. The newly elected parliament has assembled; it may be called upon to face a crisis more grave than has arisen for generations in the Kingdom. The radical wing of the dominant party talks lightly of the creation of five hundred

peers to give the necessary majority in the House of Lords; it is quite safe to assert positively that the Whig section are not disposed for such action. One would scarcely imagine that there could be found among English Liberals five hundred men willing to become such world-wide laughing-stocks as to accept peerages to vote the influence of peerage into desuetude. But even should the heterogeneous bloc now in charge of the Imperial destinies weather the dangerous cape of reforming the House of Lords, it would seem more than probable that their ship will break up once again on the Home Rule for Ireland reef. All the members of the Liberal bloc are of course committed to some policy of Home Rule; the real difficulty will be when it comes to formulating the policy which is actually to be adopted. John Redmond says the Nationalist Party will be satisfied with nothing less than national self-government for Ireland, on the Canadian model for instance, and certainly his American subscribers have not been subsidizing him for anything short of that; it is not very likely, however, that the solid sense of English Liberalism is prepared to extend any such doubtful blessing as that to Ireland, particularly as one of Mr. Redmond's chief lieutenants has just made it quite clear that Britain (England and Scotland) is expected to continue to pay the piper while allowing Ireland to call the time. Thus is the cat let loose from the bag in earnest. It is not likely that another failure to secure Home Rule would seriously disturb Mr. Redmond; he must see that it is vastly more interesting to play

the part of perennial disturber at Westminster than that of a fourth rate dictator at Dublin.

* * *

In Canada and the United States the principal topic is the Fielding-Knox reciprocity arrangement. The agreement was submitted to Parliament and to Congress on the same day; it becomes automatically effective between the countries when passed as a piece of legislation by the governing chambers. It is thus not a treaty but simply a protocol subject to concurrent consent, and, no doubt, capable of being legislatively abrogated in like manner. This last point is one which should cause firms who may be pondering extensive changes of method as a result of the possible ratification of the arrangement, to go very slowly and cautiously. Some political backstairs work in either country might upset the whole scheme on short notice.

The agreement has not yet been ratified, but it is generally thought that the only obstacle to ratification will be the United States Senate, the American 'home of lost causes,' and, as both Presidential and popular pressure is strong it may escape even the Senate. Meantime, there is much roaring heard on both sides of the boundary from special interests whose toes have been stepped on, but the ordinary consumer seems to think he can overlook these symptoms of pain evinced by his overlords in consideration of his own increased pleasure in life. The essential meanness of spirit and narrowness of vision which protection fosters is being interestingly exhibited the while.

The prairie provinces are especially interested in the reduced tariff on farm implements coming from the United States and on the striking away of tariff charges on fruit, early vegetables, and certain kinds of lumber, while free admission of their particular products, grain and cattle, to the American market has the appearance of a great boon. In general one notes with pleasure the possibility that, after fifty years of mutual suspicion between neighbors, something better and more reciprocally ennobling can be achieved.

* * *

The government of the Australian commonwealth has adopted the system of universal compul-

sory military service, and, as if this were not a sufficient defiance to the principles of liberty, has refused to consider the conscientious objections of the Society of Friends further than to permit them to be enrolled in the ambulance corps. It is strangely significant that this line of policy is the creation of a Labor Party government in Australia; in England the same objects, (saying always the persecution of the Friends) are being pushed by prominent members of the aristocracy and England's 'pro-consuls' (retired). In the face of all this let us remind ourselves of a truth the strictness of which does not impair its value, that eternal vigilance is the price of any real liberty.

LETTERS FROM A SON AT COLLEGE TO HIS DAD

(No. 4)

Whyte Ave., Strathcona,
February 20, 1911.

Dear Dad:

Since my last letter the exams have come and gone. Most of them were quite easy. In the chemistry paper one of the questions was "How would you tell the difference between a stick of phosphorous and a stick of dynamite? I said, "swallow it and kick yourself" which I have no doubt was right. Immediately after the exams came the "Conversat' which is an annual way of spending a dollar. Down in the refreshment room where I passed most of the evening, two of the students were clicking their glasses together and saying, "Here's to Luck" and similar phrases. One

of them turned to me and said "Do they ever drink toasts where you come from?" I responded, "No, Miss, we usually eat it," which crushed her. The idea of drinking toast! The weather has been lovely and I often go for long walks. I like to hear the birds twittering. Yesterday I saw a lovely yellow one trimmed with black which I am told is a wild canary. It was sitting on a fence and making a noise like a sewing machine. I attended my first hockey game last week. It was between the Varsity and the Y. M. C. A. The game is played by fourteen men and two detectives in plain clothes. Every few minutes one of the detectives would ring a bell and the players

thinking it was dinner time would stop playing, whereupon the detective would seize the puck and keep it for a minute. Each player has a certain name. One is called goal-keeper, another right wing, etc. One was called the rover, as far as I could see, because he always arrove at the wrong time. There were a lot of students watching the game, and they made a great deal of noise. Some had loud voices and some had loud horns and some only loud clothes, but all managed to make a fearful row. I'm afraid I made an awful breach of etiquette at the Converse. The programs said "Refreshments served from 10 to 12." I tried my best but I could only stick it out for an hour and a half.

If I had taken another bite I think I'd have died. Perhaps no one noticed that I left before time was up. I've had my picture taken as you told me to. I only got a head-and-shoulder picture, however, as the camera was not large enough to take my feet. Still they will be enough to let people see how I look. I must now close this letter. I remain,

Yours ever,

Bob.

P. S.—Please send me the money to pay my fees. My fees for the second term will amount to \$150.00, not counting books.

And yet P. S.—Send me the money quick as the registrar is in a hurry. Bob.

THE CAMP CALL

Camp 23 was somewhat of a surprise to us. It was situated on the sunny side of a jack-pine ridge and was sheltered by the deep dark forest behind. To the south at a distance of half a mile one could trace the valley of the McLeod and to the north lay a fine sheet of open water—one of the many lakes that dot the country. A creek just at the bottom of the ridge ran from the lake to the river. Altogether an ideal spot for a camp.

Five big tents in a row contained the men, about a hundred in number. My big reading tent, supplied by the association that sent us out, was soon to make the sixth on that street. We were surprised to find the tents furnished with iron beds, springs and mattresses. Don't picture to yourselves the white enamelled, brass-

knobbed beds of civilization; they would indeed be useless; but big, strong, black, double-deckers, meant for service and convenience. They seemed to indicate the new attitude of the camp-boss towards the comfort of the men. The tents were clean, neat, and dry, and the "crumb-boss" made the beds and kept the tents in ship-shape.

The next place to which we introduced ourselves was the cook shack and dining tent. This was a long tent down which ranged two rough tables which easily accommodated the hundred men. Back of it was the kitchen where the big cook reigned supreme. And he fed us well. Fish, fresh from the lake—a rare treat indeed; fresh beef supplied by Pat Burns' camp followers; potatoes and vegetables in abundance;

bread that would not kill a man with a strong constitution; various kinds of cake that were really good and cut in generous pieces; pies in plenty and no insulting sixths or eighths but liberal fourths; and a great variety of bowls and dishes filled in monotonous regularity with dried apples, dried prunes, dried apricots and dried raisins. Well no tired man needed to go away hungry and we certainly did not.

We took a look at the other buildings. Four long canvas barns contained the hundred and sixty mules. Three enormous sheds contained the baled hay and the oats for them. A log harness-shed close at hand seemed a busy place, and a blacksmith shop at some distance rang continually with shoeing and repairing. Besides these there was the log office, and the log house occupied by the contractor, Mr. Shirley, who had brought his wife and family up from Omaha to spend the summer at this, his best camp.

We were tired and so we looked for our beds but we were not yet to get a sleep. Our tent contained about twenty men, all young fellows and most of them either from the cities or from the Old Country. In one bunk a young fellow was sitting cross-legged writing a letter. Around another six or eight fellows sat or sprawled playing poker by the light of a lantern hung from the upper deck. Along the edges of the other bunks a group of boys were ranged, singing under the leadership of a comical little Englishman called 'Shorty.' They were singing with great force and expression, the well known bachelors' hymn "The Little Old Log

Shanty on the Plain" when the harmony was broken and an eruption threatened. A young poker-player seemed to be having bad luck and evidently blamed the evil influence of the singers for it; at any rate he ordered them "to shut their racket or he'd kick them out." He was promptly asked to do so—but I am afraid I can't reproduce the wordy combat that followed.

The peace-loving singers, however, withdrew to the next tent where they were greatly reinforced and then we had a concert indeed. By this time we were beneath the blankets but not sleeping. Those fellows sang till midnight and such singing. Without partiality or favor they mixed up all the songs they knew. 'Annie Laurie,' 'White Wings' 'Larboard Watch' 'Lead Kindly Light' 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' are a few they sang that night. At least three parts were quite distinct and for the most part, true. Then came an imitation of a Salvation Army meeting, and the bed shook with Ottewell's attempts to suppress his laughter. "Brethren," rose a plaintive female voice "I have to confess that you are all poor forsaken sinners," etc., and then some enthusiast would suggest some such inspiring hymn as "Who Killed Cock Robin."

Long into the night I lay awake with the voices and songs running through my head and as they faded away another set of things took their place. I had been shocked and disgusted at the profanity that was on everybody's lips, but now all the swear-words I had ever heard, all the profanity and all the new phrases took possession of my brain and danced

about and held revel there until at last I went to sleep. I little thought at the time that my biggest fight of the summer would be to keep from falling into that same language, but such was the case and there is psychology at the bottom of it.

Next morning we were up at the ringing of the bell and Otte-well picked up his pack and went his way. The stable boss showed me my mules, two big, lanky, rangy, moth-eaten veterans, fitted up with a half rotted set of driving harness. Not a very prepossessing outfit but it was all that was left in the camp. I was informed by the boss that I had a 'damned good outfit' and was told to get my harness repaired at the shop. The only wagon left was one that had broken down and had been pulled aside. I was ordered to get two new wheels, a new set of double trees and a few minor repairs and then it would be a first class wagon. These little jobs took till after ten, and then I thought I was ready. I drove out to where the big, belted, elevating-grader was working, dropped into line, and in my turn drove under the elevator. My mules knew their business and in spite of my urging they went slow enough for me to receive a good load of sand over my head and shoulders. Followed by a volley of language I got out of there and followed my predecessor to the dump. As I drove unconcernedly over the dump, I heard the man who stood there yelling "Hi" with all his might several times. The forceful flow of language that followed caused me to look up and I saw him waving his arms in exaggerated and unnecessary excitement. I stopped and he demanded my

reason for not dumping my load when he called "Hi." His language wasn't polite, but I explained that whereas I had no dirt aboard I didn't feel it necessary to dump it. He said several things not very complimentary—I cannot reproduce his words—and sent me back. Well I soon 'caught on,' but had very little peace of mind for all that. The works seemed to be crowded with bosses all of whom had a store of language ready, my harness had as many weak spots as there were straps, the new wheel on my wagon stopped turning, the seat swayed and seemed ready to break down. Every few minutes I had to run back to the camp to the harness maker or blacksmith who greeted me with "Well what — is the matter this time?" So things went on till about four o'clock. Then I caught a load so big that the mules stuck in the deep sand. All the bosses and semi-bosses and grader-skinners and plow-shakers, gathered around to help us out with voice and clubs. Their eloquence was in vain. Then they hitched another wagon on ahead to pull me out. The driver pulled off at an angle, upset his own wagon, and broke the tongue of mine. More language still more lurid. Well every day has an end and six o'clock at length came. Next day was Sunday and I was ready for it. On Monday I was surprised to find everything running smoothly. The mules knew their business—they were old enough; everybody envied me my light, leather harness;—their own chain tugs galled the mules; the bosses were all decent and gave vent to their language on some newer comers; in fact everything was fine.

(Concluded next month.)

THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE

The principal student's function of the year is established. Striving as we are against the difficulties of a new institution, it is encouraging to see the marks of success attend our efforts. Without a doubt the second conversazione held was a step in advance. Last year was good, this year was better. This function promises to be one of the events in the society life of the North.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 2, by invitation, a company of some two hundred and fifty people gathered in the Institute,—a company graced by the presence of the leaders of society, education, politics, and commerce. The patronesses, Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Broadus, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Kerr, gracefully received the company in the library, which was specially arrayed for the occasion. When all had assembled in the hall above a neat and well-rendered program was appreciatively received. Music of a vocal and instrumental nature, made us indebted to Misses Buck, Maguire, Ching, and King and Mr.

Gunder Brocke, and to Miss C. Smith for the selection, "Run! You Coyote—Run!" which was well chosen and equally well read. A large part of the enjoyment of the evening was due also to Turner's orchestra, which did excellent service on the program from first to last. To its music with oft repeated chorus "on went the dance." The floor presented a spectacle at which "we had eyes to wonder, yet lack tongues to praise." There professors and honored ladies, youths and maidens intermingled, all enjoying the whirl of the dance with mirth and gladness. On the floor beneath others went the more quiet round of promenades, or sought the sequestered nook, thoughtfully provided, and tastefully decorated with banners of "Welcome" and "Success."

Nothing was lacking in the arrangement of the evening. Refreshments were served in good style, and a convenient car service took the Edmonton visitors home in the early morning. Altogether the evening's program proved its quality by the fact that the hours slid past unconsciously and 1:30 a.m. arrived all too soon.

The article written by E. T. Mitchell '12 under the heading "The Camp Call" will be concluded in the next issue and not in this one as was previously intimated.

We are glad to report that all the victims of the recent typhoid outbreak are either entirely recovered or at least convalescent. H. Dixon, Applied Science '13, the last to leave the hospital bidding farewell to that institution on Tuesday, the seventh instant.

'12—They say Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work.

'13—Yes, he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a half.

* * *

Minister—When do you expect to see Deacon S—, again.

Theolog.—Never, the Deacon is in heaven.

* * *

Enunciation—Laugh and grow fat.

Proof—A. E. O.—Q. E. D.



"A noticeable feature of these games was the clean and gentlemanly manner in which they were played."—Recent Speech.

Cairns—"Dear Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor—"Don't mention it, that's nothing."

* * *

Employer—"Yes, I need a boy, I will give you \$3 a week."

Applicant—"Will I have a chance to rise?"

Employer—"Oh yes! I will want you here at seven o'clock in the morning."

* * *

Angry Father—"And did you tell that young gentleman who calls on you every evening that I am going to have those lights put out at 10 o'clock sharp?"

Daughter—"Yes, Pa. I did."

Angry Father—"And what did he say?"

Daughter—"He said that he would take it as a personal favor if you would turn them out at 8.30."

Mrs. J.—"So your son is at the University of Alberta now. Is he a freshman?"

Mrs. K.—"Oh no, indeed, he's a sycamore."

* * *

They were going through the process of parting at the gate and he said very tenderly:

"Dearest, do you think it would be improper to imprint a kiss on your lily white hand?"

"Well," she said softly "It would be entirely out of place."

* * *

Dr. Broadus, (in English 1, about to illustrate the part taken by his Satanic Majesty in the miracle play given by the Ruthenians in the Assembly Hall, last winter) "Mr. Neil, will you represent Herod." Then sidling half behind this gentleman he adds, "And I—you" (pointing to Mat-tern) "will be the devil."



The second Annual Conversation is now a matter of history. The consensus of opinion seems to be that it was very successful. Certainly the arrangements for the evening seemed to be well planned, everything going smoothly and a generally enjoyable evening being passed by those present. Although the attendance was very satisfactory yet it is to be regretted that some considerable number of students have not yet developed sufficient college spirit to make them feel their obligations to attend social functions. Surely the man who misses this side of college life loses a training only second to his actual academic work. The confident bearing and self possession of the successful in any occupation is not acquired by moping over text-books in the solitude of one's own quarters while gatherings of this nature are to the fore.

In connection with the evening itself we feel compelled to notice one thing which was not as it should have been. This reference is to the conduct of a considerable number who left the assembly hall while the National Anthem was being sung at the close of the programme. It was even noted that ye editor sinned in this respect but he it further observed he has had cause to consider the

error of his way since that time. Above all people we as students ought to cultivate a taste and sense of propriety which would make such a discourtesy impossible.

In the legislative hall of the historic city of Quebec on the seventeenth and eighteenth of last month an event occurred which is of deep interest and significance to all Canadians. This was the meeting of the commission for the conservation of natural resources. Our own province was represented by President Tory and Premier Sifton. The object of the commission is to retain in so far as is possible the benefits of our vast natural resources for the people as a whole and not to allow their being "cornered" by any group or groups of capitalists for selfish purposes.

The mode of procedure is to compile an inventory of the resources of the Dominion under the headings of agricultural lands, forests, minerals, water power, fisheries, etc., and then to devise the most practical means of conserving these. The men who have the work in hand are representatives of the Universities and Provincial Governments, to quote the expression of Hon. Clifford Sifton, chairman of the commission, "men who have made sufficient impression upon the country

to warrant the government in believing their advise worth hearing." In this connection it is of interest to Albertans to know that the estimated available water power in our province is one million horse-power, so that we are well to the front in this particular.

In illustration of the work which is being done one instance will afford a good example. In the various provinces a number of farms have been under observation with a view to finding out to what extent our agricultural resources are being, or are likely to be, affected by the prevalence of noxious weeds, antiquated farming and kindred factors. Here again is an object lesson for us. It was found that all the farms observed in Manitoba were infested with noxious weeds or wild oats, in those of Saskatchewan some seventy per cent., while those in Alberta showed only three per cent. so affected. In the statement of Dr. Robertson the

situation is well expressed when he said in effect that with proper care our province need never have the desperate fight with the weed pest which her sister prairie provinces are having. Another significant remark by the same man should cause deep thought among agriculturists generally. He affirmed that without increase of population or acreage under cultivation by scientific methods within five years Canada's output of agricultural products could be doubled. The work of the conservation commission will be watched with deep interest by all who have regard for the progress of this country.

In educational matters the result of the President's investigations during his Eastern tour will probably be that he will recommend to the Senate and Board of Governors a large addition to the Faculty, affording students a wider range in choice of subjects particularly during the Senior years.

IF

If I could play hockey like Blayney and Dean,
 Score goal after goal while the
 hockey fans yell
 And help to win games for the
 gold and the green
 And see in the Journal I "played
 very well,"
 I wouldn't work.

If I were as lengthy as Stacey
 McCall
 And measured eight feet in my
 bargain sale socks,
 Could reach to the ceiling and not
 stretch at all,
 Brush the top of the door with
 my sand-colored locks
 I wouldn't work.

If I could beat Miller at making
 cartoons,
 If I were as handsome as Dobson or May,
 Went walking with girls on my
 spare afternoons
 Like Walker and Rutherford do
 every day
 I wouldn't work.

But I'm not going to whimper or
 worry or whine
 Or lose any sleep in bemoaning
 my lot
 The talents of others will never
 be mine,
 There's no use in wishing you
 were what you're not,
 So I guess I'll have to work.



HOCKEY

Friday, January 13th was certainly an unlucky day for Varsity seniors, but the juniors made good in spite of the fates.

The mercury stood at about thirty. The Deacons came over from Edmonton and looked like giants in the cold mist. Yells seemed to stick in our throats and the puck was made of lead. Yet, Varsity played a good game. They fought for every inch of ice but they had hard luck. Everybody said so. We don't mean to say the best team was beaten. From the beginning of the game the Deacons showed themselves superior in weight and combination but the score of 4 to 0 hardly represents the comparative play of the teams.

The first goal was scored about the middle of the first third; the next, three minutes after beginning the second; the last two, just before time was called. May probably got the most credit of any member of the team for his splendid saves. Dobson and Hepburn played hard and effectively. The latter did not hesitate to check in his usual fashion and was only penalized one minute throughout the game. Early in the play Dean got a body check that simply took the life out of his rushes. Goodrich showed up

well against the forwards but seldom got past the backs. Blaney worked hard and there seemed to be about three men who spent most of their time checking him. Fife played the best game yet especially towards the last but could not find the nets.

The junior game with the S.C. I. was more encouraging. Varsity took things easy right through playing fast yet certain hockey. The find of this game was White as a goal tender. At first "Big Bill" was a little doubtful about him and they both stood back in the nets, much to the amusement of the onlookers, but it became evident that Julius G. could do better when he had elbow room. No one will ever again doubt his ability as a target. At half time the score was 3 to 3 and Varsity finished with a tally of 7 to 5. Carmichael scored 3, Moller 2, Rutherford 1, and Martin 1.

Wednesday, January 18th—The senior team and Strathcona came together for the first and last time for this season. It was a most disappointing exhibition from every standpoint, although Strathcona had been previously defeated by the Deacons, Varsity was unable to get the puck past Chuck Clark once in the entire proceedings. If S'cona had played the same game against the

Deacons there would have been a decided alteration in the hockey history of Alberta for 1910-11. Their combination worked so well that the eye wearied following their passes and they finished off with an even dozen counters.

Through poor management the Strathcona team, who are undoubtedly the fastest group of hockey players in Alberta to-day, have disbanded after losing all chances for the championship. Chuck Clark, the peerless goaltender leaves the University and the University city but may yet take revenge on Deacon White's pets in a Calgary sweater.

Friday, January 20th—The juniors lost their first match to Alberta College by a score of 1 to 3. This gives the college the first series of the intercollegiate league, but there is no reason why the juniors should not get busy and win the cup.

Monday, January 23, the Bankers of Edmonton played their second league game with Varsity seniors. They were reputed to have shown "some class" in their recent matches but they must have left it at home. Varsity went through them to the extent of 11 to 3. In the second half the tactics of the Bankers were to mix it up with the men as much as possible but they were even less successful in this than in playing the game.

Thursday, January 26th—The sports of both cities sat up and took notice, Varsity was scheduled to play the Deacons on Edmonton ice and to the amazement of the spectators, the schoolboys, after they got going, handled the champions like nine-pins. The excitement was such, to quote the Journal, that even the grouches

were drawn out and yelled themselves hoarse.

Up to half time the game looked like the previous one in Strathcona. The boys played a hard but rather defensive game and two were scored against them. After the rest Varsity waded right in. Every man held down his appointment in effective style. Soon Dean took the puck from a lightning combination and scored. Then Goodrich caught the rubber down in front of Varsity goal, carried it unaided through the entire opposing team, tying the score. From now on the game began to look like a rugby match in front of the Deacons' goal. The wonder was that the puck did not find the nets oftener. Blayne shot in the next from corner ice. At this stage two Deacons broke away and managed to tie the score again. Then followed another scrimmage from which Goodrich fished out number four. The Deacons were badly winded but instead of lying on the ice and playing possum, as is their habit, they tinkered their goal for a few minutes. However, it was of no avail. They were held right down and did not break away again before the gong sounded.

This means that University can hardly stand lower than second in the Northern division of the league. An expedient might easily compel the Deacons to play us again which would give us a chance for first place.

Saturday, January 28th—The juniors went on the war path against the E. H. S. Six scalps were the result with the paltry loss of three. Carmichael was the big brave, tomahawking four with his own hands.

Friday, February 3.—The S. C. I. played their second game with Varsity juniors. The exhibition by both teams was loose and ragged. The final score being 8 to 9 in favor of Varsity. Unless the juniors take their training and practice more seriously they will certainly lose the trophy to the College.

Wednesday, Feb. 8th.—The college won from the juniors by a score of 6 to 5. It was a hard enough match but the juniors could not come back. This leaves Alberta College undefeated and winners of the intercollegiate trophy for this year.

Thursday, February 9th.—The seniors' game with the Y. M. C. A. closes our provincial league schedule for this season. It was an easy victory of 4 to 2. Varsity seniors stand second in the northern division of the league and the Deacons suffered their one defeat at our hands. If the Strathcona games had been thrown out by the league executive Varsity would have tied for first place.

A barnstorming tour is being arranged for by the hockey team. Games with the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon and with Tofield are in view.

There is a chance that the Deacons will play Varsity for the Brackman-Kerr cup. Three

games out of five will win the series.

Now that the excitement is past class and faculty games are in order.

BASKET BALL

On Wednesday, January 11th one of the hardest basket ball games that has ever been played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was witnessed by a few spectators. The Dormats were to play a league game with Varsity and took on their team two ex-Toronto champions who had never been beaten in this city, either in league or exhibition games. Varsity played Hammond centre, Fife and Parney forwards, and Blaney and Dr. Folinsbee guards. After an exciting contest the score stood 15 to 11 in favor of Varsity.

Friday, January 27th,—Varsity took another league game from the Cubs. Since Parney was laid up only four men played on a side. The Cubs fought hard for the game particularly in the second half but their final score was 33 against 43 for the home team.

The basket ball league looks like a tie between the Dormats and Varsity. The game on Feb. 17th will tell the tale.

First Landlady—"I always keep my boarders longer than you do."

Second Landlady—"Oh, I don't know, you keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."

The Master (after severely punishing the scholar)—"Now you go back to your seat and sit down."

The Scholar—"Oh, but please, sir, haven't you punished me enough already?"

ALBERTA COLLEGE

The movement of the students of Alberta College, Edmonton to the college in Strathcona has made imperative new organizations and new rules. A meeting of the studentbody was held to pass upon this important matter. It appointed a committee to draw up a plan, which would be submitted to the students, setting forth the character of the societies necessary to develop each line of work in our college. We expect soon to have all the departments in running order.

UNTHINKABLES

If college poetry were sold by weight.

* * *

J. (excitedly)—“Please, Mr. M—, will you get me something, a young lady’s light has gone out.”

Mr. M—, (in surprise)—
What do you want me to do
preach a funeral sermon?

* * *

One of the new things is a
good-night meeting, held im-
mediately after supper. All the
students attend faithfully.

* * *

J. L. W. next day after con-
versazione:—

The long golden hair (on his
sleeve)
Glistened in the Sunlight, fair.

* * *

I suppose we are entitled to tell
how it happened. We are at
the head of the league and hold
the cup.

* * *

We are going to put on a lec-
ture with stereoptican views on
the life of John Wesley. Watch
for the advertisement early in
March.

An event of more than ordinary
interest was the Alberta College
Athletic Association Concert
given in the Separate School Hall
on the evening of February the
tenth. A splendid programme
was rendered. The piano selec-
tions were of high order. The
vocal work was excellent. The
singing of Messrs. Turner and
Hustler was much appreciated.
Miss Constance Buck sang with
her usual power and sweetness.
Mr. Mortimer Johnson’s violin
solos were among the rare treats
of the evening. Probably the
event of the evening was “The
Fifth Commandment,” a play
put on by Miss C. Smith, Messrs.
Martin, Brocke and Berry. The
acting was well done and worthy
of professionals. A party of Var-
sity students was much in evi-
dence and enlivened the former
part of the evening, much to the
amusement of the audience and
to the embarrassment of those
blushing students who came at-
tached.

We don’t object to prison;
Or, in death to be laid low.
If stakes were still the custom,
To the stake we’d gladly go.

We don’t object to theory,
But save us, if you can,
From these dread bacteria,
And the fumigation man.

First the doctor came around,
And told us they were there.
We thought that he was talking
Just for himself to hear.

We didn’t hear them singing.
We couldn’t see their flight.
He said that they were playing
And might just now alight.

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Of public health the proctors,
With 'scopes had them descried.

In the law, he said, it stated
For the public weal, you ken,
That we should be isolated
From all our fellow men.

Awful and great the vexation.
Sad and bitter that wail
For the term examination,
Were we to miss and fail?

Three long days that pent up cry
Suppressed to murmur low,
Our brave hearts did rack, and
try
With deep distress and woe.

From room, and books, and home,
Like martyrs we were hauled;
While around the highest dome
Nauseous gases floating curled.

We chafed and yelled and hol-
lered
Each of us to a man;
Yet never once it bothered
The fumigation man.

We were in quarantine,
In quarantine to stay.
We were being fumigated.
Fumigated every day.

We don't object to prison,
Or dying by the axe
But Providence, O save us
Fumigation's dread attacks!

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W. H. DAY

EXCHANGE

We take pleasure in perusing the New Year exchanges which have come to hand in good number. Some of them are excellent specimens of the typographical art, and generally, the literary quality is of a high order.

VOX WESLEYANA is enclosed in a tasteful cover and seems to be a bumper number. Prize contributions are its special

feature. Prominent amongst these is a prize poem "To an Indian." Pathos is revealed in this selection from its ten stanzas:

"But now above thy grave we lay
the rails—
The path of progress must be
built of steel—
New eras have begun; thy day is
past;
Thine was the cayuse; ours the
shining steel."

The Early Bird

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We regret space will not allow us to insert the whole poem.

Acadia senior class certainly has a vigorous looking yell, as seen in the report of their annual banquet in the *Athenaeum*: "Zimalaka, zimalaka, zimalaka—Lah! 'Vincit qui patitur,' Rah! Rah! Rah! Boomazacka, Boomazacka, Boomazacka, Zeven. Boost 'er Acadia, Nineteen Eleven."

St. John's College Magazine takes itself seriously, but is not sombre, wearing a quiet strength. The style and get-up of the production bears the characteristic feature of sanity. The feature of development is strong in the West, but nowhere more so than at *St. John's*. The editor says: "Development is knocking at our doors." It is a knock which cannot pass unnoticed.

McGill is in advance with a weekly *Martlet*. The issue of Jan. 19th tells us that the McGill Rhodes scholar for 1911 is a B.C. student—W. J. Pearse. Evidently the West is to the front again.

What can be done by students of an agricultural college is seen in the *O. A. C. Review*, a college publication of a distinct type. Its many-sidedness gives it particular value and leads it to a place alongside of other agricultural publications of the Dominion. All the same, it has a students' flavor.

Scott—Why does your dog turn round so many times before he lies down, doctor?

Dr. R.—Why, because one good turn always deserves another. (O. A. C. R.)

The "Mitre" of Bishop's College is a reliable students' paper, a model of neatness and skill.

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